AT COLD HARBOR.

THE ASSAULT UPON THE CONFED-FRATE EARTHWORKS

A Charge When Union Veterans Qualled tuder the Awful Storm of Shot and shell-shot by Hundreds in Retreat-A

is the light artilwere aroused. We ate our scanty and and took our positions around the All of us were loath to go into action. at of us we could hear the murmurs of but it was not sufficiently light to We stood leaning against the cool resting easily on the ponderous and gazed intently into the darkness in he are tion of the Confederate earthworks. How showly dawn came! Indistinctly we And Baing figures. Some on foot, rearward bound owards hunting for safety; others on horselstick riding to and fro hear where we july and the battle lines to be; then orderlies and wreams came in from out the darkness balan, burses, and we knew that the regimental and brigade commanders were going intraction on foot. FROM THE THREE-INCH GUNS.

The darkness faded slowly, one by one the stars went out, and then the Confederate prokets opened fire briskly; then we could see the Confederate earthworks, about 600 yards about of us could just see them, and no more. They were apparently deserted, not a man was to be seen behind them; but it was still faint, gray light. One of our gunners looked over his piece and said that he could see the sights, but that they blurred. We filled our sponge backets with water and waited, the Confederate pickets firing briskly at us the while but doing no damage. Suddenly the Confederate works were manned. We could sen line of slouch hats above the parapet. Smoke in great puffs burst forth from their line, and shell began to howl by us. Their gumers were getting the range. We sprang in and out from the three-inch guns and realged angrily. To our left, to our right, other atterns opened, and along the Confederate me rannon sent forth their balls searching for the range. Then their guns were silent. it was daylight. We, the light artillerymet, were heated with battle. The strain on our nerves was over. In our front were two lines of blue-coated infantry. One well in advance of the other, and both lying down. We were firing over them. The Confederate pickets sprang out of their rifle pits and ran lack to their main line of works. Then they purped and warmed the battery with long range rifle prastice, knocking a man over here, killing another there, breaking the leg of a horse yonder, and generally behaving in an exasperating manner. The Confederate infantry was always much more effective than their artillery, and the battery that got antered severely. The air began to grow hazy with powder smoke. We saw that the line of slouch-hatted heads had disappeared from the Confederate earthworks, leaving heads exposed only at long intervals. Out of the powder smoke came an officer from the battle lines of infantry. He told us to stop firing, as the soldiers were about to

CHARGING THE EARTHWORKS. Suddenly the foremost line of our troops, who were lying on the ground in front of us, sprang to their feet and dashed at the Confederate earthworks at a run. Instantly these works were manned. Cannon belched forth a torrent of canister; the works glowed brightly with musketry; a storm of lead and from struck the blue line, cutting gaps in it. Still they pushed on, and on. But, God! how many of them fell! They drew near the earthworks, firing as they went, and then, with a cheer, the first line of the Red division of the Second corps (Barlow's) swept over it. And there in our front lay, sat and stood the second line, the supports; why did not they go forward and make good the victory? They did not. We could see their officers arge them, but the men sulked, or they were appalled by the frightful losses the first line had suffered. At any rate, the men did not go forward. Intensely excited, I watched the portion of the Confederate line which our men had captured. I was faintly conscious of terrific firing to our right and of heavy and continuous cheering on that portion of our line which was held by the Fifth and

charge. He disappeared to carry the mes-

sage to other batteries. Our cannon became

silent. The smoke drifted off the field. I

noticed that the sun was not yet up.

For once the several corps had delivered a simultaneous assault, and I knew that it was to be now or never. The powder smoke ourled lowly in thin clouds above the captural works. Then the firing became more and more thunderous. The tops of many batthe flags could be seen indistinctly, and then there was a heavy and fierce yell, the thrilling battle cry of the Confederate infantry floated to us. "Can our men withstand the chargef I asked myself. Quickly I was answered. They came into sight clambering over the parapet of the captured works. All organization was lost. They fled wildly for the protection of their second line and the Union guns, and they were shot by scores as they ran. The Confederate infantry appeared behind their works and nimbly climbed over, as though intent on following up their spress, and their fire was as the fury of hell. We manned the guns and drove them How they swung their hats! And how quickly their pickets ran forward to their rate pits and sunk'out of sight! The swift, brave assault had been bravely met and most bloodily repulsed. Twenty minutes had not passed since the infantry had sprung to their feet and 10,000 of our men lay dead or wounded on the ground,-Frank Wilkeson in

Sherman Had the Pocketbook. "spator," said a strange gentleman, ad dresday the Hon, John Sherman on a train the other day, "the conductor of this train has lost his pocketbook, containing \$200, and links he finds it he is a ruined man. Now, I believe you have it in your power to rehere him of his embarrassment. In short,

whater, I believe you have that pocketbook Sar exclaimed the senator, rising to his 'l'ardon me, sepator; I do not accuse you

ng. pe-ate

nu-

ours te at tell, ular om-sus-No d to

of anything. It was all a mistake." "Well, sir, let us look," said the senator, dall very indignant. The valise was thrown of en, and there, sure enough, was the pocket-The senator had gone to the condarter's room to make a change of linen, and had pulled down the blinds. In the darkness be had gathered up, with the cast-off linen, the pocketbook, which the conductor had Carriessly left upon the seat. It took lots of to the strange gentleman to seem to are the senator of theft, but he was so firmly convinced of the accuracy of his theavy, on being made acquainted with the la is that he undertook the task.-Columbus

Experimenting With Earth Currents. Thomas Edison is going to Florida to experment with earth currents, which, he thanks; may revolutionize telegraphy. He says, sooner of later, telegraph wires will be a thing of the past. - Inter-Ocean.

HORSES AND THEIR DRIVERS.

A Radical Error-Cruelty to Animals. The Friendly Man-Good Results. Very many years ago I made up my mind that when there was a quarrel between a man and a horse, in nine cases out of ten the man was in the wrong. Continued observation has only served to confirm this

The radical error into which drivers fall is the belief that the horse knows perfectly what is wanted of him and will not do it. Then the driver proceeds to show that he is the unister, and in the vast majority of cases the horse is punished without the slightest idea why he is so treated.

For a horse to understand instantly what his driver desires, there must exist a pleasant

feeling between them. The horse must feel a confidence in his driver. With one driver a horse will show himself fearless of locomotives, and with another he will dread them. One man will drive a horse fifteen miles with no more fatigue to the animal than another will produce in driving him ten.

Nothing tends more to cruelty to animals than cowardice. The man who has a lurking fear of his beast is the one who treats him the most harshly. The man who is afraid of no horse is just the man who treats all kindly. He is perfectly aware that there is always danger with horses; but he also knows that this does not depend upon the horse, but mostly comes from some extraneous source, the bad driving of others whom he meets on the road, or accident of some sort. He has a friendly feeling toward his beast, as being a willing and useful servant and companion, ready to do his whole duty, and more than his duty. So there springs up a pleasant feeling on both sides, the horse is encouraged and cheerful, and gets through his work easily and well. Such a driver gets vastly more from his horses than does the cruel one. They come in fresh, they feed and sleep well. and begin the next day's work under favorable conditions. Age tells but slowly on them. At 15 and 16 years such horses still show speed and endurance, and are still gay and free goers, with years of usefulness before them; whereas the cruel man's horse is used up long before this.-Humane Record.

Wanted One of That Sort. Virgil Williams was once in Rome. Perhaps some of those who know him may have heard him talk about it. Judging from his enthusiastic reference to the time he spent there, it is safe to judge that he must have been one of the original crowd who made Rome howl. But Virgil is one of the few artists who have no vices save painting. He is one of the few who have the self-respect of art, and, while a Bohemian, he has none of the Bohemian failings, except that-well, he's a crank. But it is agreeable to meet a man who feels the dignity of anything but money in these days, and-well-perhaps Virgil would be a big millionaire if he hadn't some sense of the dig-

nity of art. Virgil relates that once upon a time there came to Rome a rich American and his family. Having made an enormous fortune out of some prosaic trade, he touched the other extreme and became, like many others since Crossus' time, a patron of the arts. He reveled in the American Bohemian quarter in Rome. He bought pictures by the whole sale, and even the divine afflatus was touched by his generosity and his liberality, and gave him the hand of good fellowship. He was a blunt, outspoken fellow, and did not pretend to be much of a critic, so everybody was willing to sell pictures to him. Virgil had started in on a canvas intended to represent a confessional scene, and he had it rounded off at the top for some artistic effect or other. He changed his idea, and painted some simple figure kneeling at a shrine or something, and he had this picture on his easel when the jovial millionaire called upon him. The millionaire's daughter was there with him. "Hullo!" he said; "hullo! what's this?-

what's this?" "Oh, a little thing I've just finished," said

"This is good. This is something new. like this. Mary," turning to his daughter, "Mary, we hain't got no round top pictures at'all, have we?"

"That's all right. I'll take that. Send it up, will you, and name your price."-Sar Francisco Chronicle.

Demoralized by the Fast Horse. On a railroad train far up in Vermont fell in with a wealthy farmer of that state. Inquiring the price of improved farm land was surprised to hear him quote such low figures as \$15 to \$30 per acre. He told me that the same land that could now be bought for this price formerly brought as high as \$70. His explanation of this reduction in value was given in this language: "The young fellows won't work, the old men can't. Those who will work have gone off to the west. Those who remain care more about fast horses and other fast things than about farming. Look about at any of the railroad stations and you will see scores of sulkies standing around. When a farmer or a farmer's boy gets a fast horse the farm goes to the dogs pretty quick. You can't hire the farm help even at big prices. Men have got above it, want to live by their wits or on what their fathers accumulated. When David Hill took the famous old Black Hawk stallion into Addison county he caused a loss in the value of farm property there equal to \$1,000,000. He found Black Hawk in a dray at Lowell, Mass. It would have been better for the state of Vermont if he had never found him. Why, it literally demoralized the farmers all over the state .-New York Tribune.

WHAT THE BUSINESS ... UNITED STATES MUST LEARN.

Why They Are Not More Successful in Getting Trade in Mexico-Too Gruff in Their Methods-A Mexican Merchant's Ideas-Losing a Customer.

After all the most reliable information in a foreign country must be derived from hearsay. It requires years of residence and experience to entitle one to speak intelligently of the social, industrial or commercial condition of a nation. For this reason I never hesitate to apply to old residents, foreign or native, for points on any given subject relating to the life of the people. I prefer this method to that of which the Mexicans complain so bitterly, as the one usually adopted by Americans to gain knowledge of their land. "Your young ladies come down here," they say, "stay a week, buy a ream of paper and a bunch of photographs of interesting places, and then go back to write up-God save the name!-our country and its resources. How can such superficial reports be other than misleading!" There is a grain of reason in this protest. Without knowing the language, without contact with the people except the miscellaneous herd gathered in hotels and public vehicles, and amid the bewilderment of new scenes, sounds and faces, a sound judgment of one's surroundings is as impossible as to a cat in a strange garret. I an old commission merchant of Mexico, hirty-three years resident in the capital, to supplement my own impressions of American rale interests in that country. Of foreign d scent, though chiefly dealing in American product, his criticisms are none the less valu-

ale to us for coming from an outsider. AN OUTSIDER'S CRITICISMS. Sented in his cozy office, lined with shelves full of catalogues of American and foreign machinery, and with an accumulation of im-Lements greeting the eye in every direction, I listened to his ready speech, now in English, now in German, or French, or Spanish, as the necessities of the different persons calling de-

"American trade," he said, "outside of building and running railroads, is in its infancy in this country. You think you have done something, but the French, English and Spaniards control our commerce, both foreign and domestic. There are not over a dozen American houses doing business in this city, and they deal mainly in machinery. Yet with your vast industrial system and rapid means of communication by rail and steamship, your people ought to monopolize the Mexican market."

"What is the reason that we do not have at least our share of the trade!" "There are many reasons, and I am glad to have you lay them before the American pub-

"First-You are the latest comers, and Mexicans are very tenacious of old commercial connections. Look at this letter," showing a large sheet closely written on both sides; "this is an important business communication from an old correspondent of mine. He begins his letter by confiding to me a full account of his family and farm concerns, and ends by asking after the interesting health, as he terms it, of Lizzie and Mary, my daughters, and sends a long string of compliments to myself and the medam. That is, he is not only a business customer, but also a social friend. There is little danger of a new comer winning his custom from me. And his is only an ordinary case.

"Second-Again, your countrymen, when they come here, do not pay attention to those little courtesies which form a large part of the life of these people, and in which they are drilled at home and in school from youth up. You are blunt, brusk and bluff in your business dealings, and the Mexicans don't take it kindly. Here is a case in point:

LOSING A CUSTOMER. "A customer of mine, dissatisfied with my prices, went to a much advertised American firm to buy a certain machine. Entering the store he found a man seated on the railing enclosing the office, his hat thrown back and his heels drumming on the palings. He nodded his head familiarly to my friend and said, so he indignantly told me afterwards: 'Que quieve? (What do you want?) Now, we only address servants in this way, leaving off the 'Usted,' your honor. And when he replied that he would like to see the head of the house, without moving the merchant answered: 'I'm. the head of the house. Que quievef-instead of politely inviting him within the railing and awaiting his pleasure. This war enough for the Mexican. He left in disgust. his is an extreme instance, doubtless, by shows your tendencies. When a customer comes to my office he is conducted within as ceremoniously as to my parlor. Perhaps a decanter of wine is placed at his disosal, or over a eigar we talk of current topics awhile before proceeding to business. When he retires, we shake hands at the door, again at the head of the stairs, and he probably salutes me a third time from the doorway. You call this nonsense, but here it is business, and don't you forget it. Unless you can conform in your business methods to the customs of a country,

you had better keep out of it. "Third-Again," he continued, "you propose to 'push things' here, just as you do in the states, forgetting that to do so you must push aside at least 100 years' difference in age and civilization between the two countries. These people are intensely conservative, and can't and won't adopt modern methods in a jiffy, and I think you Americans are finding it out to your cost. What are your railroads that you have built at such cost! An anachronism. They don't pay and won't pay for years to come. Rich Mexicans don't put their money in railroad stocks, nor modern machinery. They know better. As the great manufacturing nation of agricultural implements, you doubtless thought, when the railroads came, that you would flood the country with labor-saving machinery, to your profit and our benefit. Have you done it? I notice that there are a great many strong houses selling implements in this city, but they are all contracting their business. Through competition plows are almost as cheap here as in the United States. but how seldom do you see one used, even in the vast fields around the city. I sold a Mexican two reapers a few months ago, and the other day asked him how he succeeded with them. 'Very well,' he said, 'they are have to run them! I have two men on horseback go along, on either side, to watch the driver, and every night lock them up hermetically to prevent the laborers destroying. them.' "-Mexico Cor. Cleveland Leader.

Automatic Cork Pullers. Time was when a corkscrew and a strong arm would pull a cork from an ordinary beer bottle. That was when corks were put in by hand. Machinery was introduced for driving in the cork, and they were put in so tight that frequently the bottle neck gave way before the stopper could be dislodged. About a year ago inventive genius was invoked to offset the difficulty; and to-day every saloon keeper in the city is pestered by the agents of a dozen different automatic safety cork pullers, ranging in price from \$2 to \$20.- "P. J. C." in Globe-Democrat.

What is it that I dreamed! Far, far away, Our light skiff floated by sullen shore, Whose rocks precipitous, with hungry roar, The sea enveloped in a shroud of spray. Low muttering thunders smote us with dis-

Dark phantoms stalked across the watery Demoniac wailings rang forevermore,

Despairing through the wall of vapor gray. could not see the sunlight on the strand: I could not hear a wild bird's happy strain; could not see your face or touch your hand, Nor feel your glance dispelling all my pain. But onward eyer toward the dark'ning land Our frail bark drove across the stormy

-Sarah D. Hobart in Pioneer Press.

Profanity of the Parrot. The best breeds come from Africa and Mexico. Many parrots are also imported from Cuba. The birds when brought here are young and uneducated. It is a strange fact, but parrots can be more easily taught to swear than to pray. It is not known that they are particularly sacrilegious, but the fact nevertheless remains that they seldom recite anything of an ecclesiastical nature. They swear, however, with the greatest fa-

Some years ago an aged and notoriously wicked parrot occupied a position over the door of a saloon in Fulton street. This bird's vocabulary was as varied as the characters of the patrons of the place. It would greet almost every passerby with the remark that he had better come in and "buy somethin'," and whether the person addressed came in or pursued his way he was greeted with a volley of oaths. On Sunday mornings this profane bird made itself particularly obnoxious to churchgoers, who were obliged to pass the door of the saloon on their way to worship. It was only after a complaint was made to the police that the parrot was condemned as a public nuisance and its removal ordered .-Brooklyn Eagle.

A Plausible Currant Jelly. A most plausible currant jelly, sold until a year ago by nearly every grocer and fruiterer, was made as follows: Dried apples, glucose, water, arsenical fuchsine (a red aniline pigment), tartaric acid and glue. This mixture was boiled, strained, and sufficient salicylic acid added to keep it from spoiling in hot weather. The manufacturers were compelled by the health department to substitute a harmless color for the fuchsine and gelatine for the glue, and to stop the use of salicylic acid. Most of the fruit jellies sold to-day are a fraud on the consumer, though they cannot be said to affect his health. The following are the ingredients used to make them; Glucose, water, dried apples, color, flavor and gelatine.-Dr. Cyrus Edson in The Forum.

Eastern Women Out West. Travelers throughout the western states and territories report frequent meetings with eastern women who have gone there and settled, either upon government lands which they have taken up and converted into cattle or sheep ranches, or in towns and villages where they are making money out of their knowledge of music and art. A highly educated woman from Boston went to the Pacific coast a few years ago with no more money in her purse than her railroad fare and a few weeks' board, and from the first supported herself handsomely with a brush. Others have been equally successful in other ways, and there is scarcely a case known where an energetic woman has not succeeded. -Chicago Herald.

Gen. Sheridan as a Farmer. Gen. Sheridan says he is delighted with his new experience as a suburban farmer. Instead of sending his wife and children to a crowded seaside hotel or fashionable resort this year he rented a thirty-acre farm near Washington, where he picks his own peas, digs his own potatoes, and enjoys freedom from intrusion, which has to be endured good-naturedly at watering places. The general drives to town every morning and returns in the afternoon. The enjoyment of seeing his children loving Mother Earth, he says, is far more happiness to him than he has ever experienced at all the fashionable resorts.—Chicago Tribune. THE CARBONARI.

HISTORY OF THE FAMOUS NEA-POLITAN SECRET SOCIETY.

The Influence of Masoury Upon the Order-Candidates and Ceremonies of Initiation-Lodge Room Equality-Morality Required by the Laws.

The origin of the system of secret political ocieties, known in Italy as Carbonari, or the actual date of its inception, is as little known s that of the Vehm Gerichte. Indeed, the Neapolitan Carbonari have a tradition that t existed during the middle ages, and afterward spread over the Netherlands and France. The Abbe Barruel states that it was established and in full force in France during the reign of Francis I, while M. Charles Nodier affirms that the secret association of Charbonniers (charcoal burners) had existed in the Jura for ages.

The grand lodge of Carbonari was composed of delegates from provincial lodges and of members at large, or honorary members. Its seat was in the city of Naples, and it was constantly in session. Its business was to grant charters and dispensations for new lodges, revising and confirming, or rejecting, rules and regulations submitted by subordinate lodges, and, in short, exercising a general governing supervision over the order similar to that of the Masonic grand lodges, after which it was closely patterned. INFLUENCE OF MASONRY.

Indeed, Masonry seems to have given, not only the Carbonari, but almost every one of the secret societies of mediæval and modern times, their forms of internal government and organization. One can trace its influence in the Illuminati and Tugendbund of Germany, the Philadelphians of France, and the Carbo nari of Italy, with equal certainty and clearness. If proof of the influence of Masonry on the Carbonari, other than the internal economy of the lodges, were wanted, it is found in the fact that all Masons were admitted to the order simply by ballot, and were not required to undergo the usual forms of initiation and probation to which ordinary candidates were subjected. The order was profes sedly founded on principles of virtue. All profane language was strictly prohibited and punishments were provided for infractions or morality. The uninitiated were called pagans; the initiated, "good cousins." The latter were divided into apprentices and masters. an apprenticeship of six months being required before a member could be elevated to the master's degree. All were required to observe the most inviolable secresy as to what transpired in the lodge, the members of one body not being allowed to communicate these things even to affiliates or other lodges.

The lodge room was plain and devoid of ornaments. The master of the lodge sat at the head of the room opposite the main enwhich served as a desk, and upon which lay a crucifix and the paraphernalia used in initiations. In his hand he bore a small axe, shaped like that of an executioner, which he used as a gavel. To his right and left, behind similar blocks, sat the secretary and orator. The masters occupied benches ranged along the right side of the master of the lodge and the apprentices similar benches on the left. From the ceiling hung triangular transparencies bearing Carbonari symbols. In the lodge room perfect equality prevailed. Social distinctions were set aside, and prince and peasant, rich and poor, sat side by side on the

CEREMONIES OF INITIATION. The initiation of an entered apprentice was very simple, the candidate being questioned as to motives of joining, mode of life, etc., and taking the oath of secresy. He was blindfolded before taking the oath, the hoodwinks being removed at the last words of the vow. He found the master of the lodge and masters standing over him with gleaming axes, and was told that these weapons would defend him so long as he lived true to his oath, and punish him if he ever became derelict or forsworn. The second degree was much more elaborate, and consisted of a dramatic representation of the trial, torments, etc., of Christ. The candidate, who was an apprentice, of course, was made to pray, to drink a cup of bitter fluid, to wear a crown of thorns, to hold a reed in his hand and have a cross on his back. He finally took an oath of fealty to the order, was invested with a black, blue and red scarf, and instructed in the words, grips and signs of the master's degree. The colors of the scarf were symbolical of charcoal, smoke and fire. The sacred words of the first rank were faith, hope and charity, and the second, honor, virtue and probity. The apprentices had no pass words. The master's word was "Fern" and the coun-

tersign "Nettle." The records of the grand lodge consisted of two books, the golden and the black. The first contained the laws of the order, while the second was a register of all those who had tried, but failed, to become members, with minute information concerning them. The 'black book" also contained a list of all expelled and apostate members, with details of their history.

The laws of the Carbonari are remarkable for their austerity toward those offenses usually considered as mere trifles in the dissolute society of Naples. Any association with dissolute characters, male or female, was punished by suspension, and, if repeated, by expulsion. An attempt upon the honor of a female member of the family of a Carbonari was punished by expulsion. Even to attempt the virtue of a female servant of a Carbonari was punished by suspension for two years .-St. Louis Globe-Democrat. I

The Poor Man's Oyster. The snail barvest has just begun in France. The "poor man's oyster" is so appreciated that Paris alone consumes about forty-nine tons daily, the best kind coming from Grenoble or Burgundy. The finest specimens are carefully reared in an escargatoire, or snail park, such as the poor Capuchin monks planned in bygone days at Colmar and Weineach, when they had no money to buy food, and so cultivated snails. But the majority are collected by the vine dressers in the evening from stone heaps where the snails have assembled to enjoy the dew. The creatures are then starved in a dark cellar for two months, and when they have closed up the aperture of their shell they are ready for cooking. According to the true Burgundy method they are boiled in five or six waters, extracted from the shell, dressed with fresh butter and garlic, then replaced in the shell, covered with parsley and bread crumbs, and finally simmered in white wine. - Paris Letter.

Going Through China. I think I may mention that a few days ago, while the band of the Twenty-sixth regiment, Punjab infantry, was playing in the evening outside the north gate, a stranger appeared on the scene dressed like a Chinese. Who was he? One of the ubiquitous Scots, a missionary, and one of the few who have ever succeeded in crossing from China in this direction. He took two months on the way, nearly one of which was passed as a prisoner in the hands of some wild chief. He is a fine, well-set Scotchman, from Glasgow, and my heart warmed to him. He had not seen a white face for ages; had dimly heard in his remote corner of China that we had taken Bhamo. The first ocular demonstration he had was the band aforementioned, as he rode on his ragged pony over the brow of the hill on which the band was playing. As he joined the officers, who were listening to the band, his first exclamation was: "Are you English?" and burst into tears. He has since become quite a chum of the writer.-Burmah Cor. London Times.

The Earl of Carnarvon at a banquet, in proposing the heal h of the clergy, said that an these days clergymen were expected to have the wisdom and learning of a Jeremy Taylor." His lordship was next day reported to have said: "In these days clergymen were expected to have the wisdem and learning of a journeyman tailor."-The Argonaut.

MAKING LEAD PENCILS.

DAILY CONSUMPTION BY THE COUN-TRY ONE-QUARTER MILLION.

Separating the Graphite Dust According to Fineness-Mixing the Clay and Foreing the Coil-The Wooden Case and Filling It.

The consumption of lead pencils in this country is estimated at 250,000 a day. This is at the rate of one per day to every 160 of population, or about 78,000,000 a year. Graphite, which is the softest substance dug from the earth, is taken in the lump direct from the mouth of the mine to the reducing mill. Here it is pulverized by stamps under water, the particles floating off with the water through a series of tanks. It comes to the factory in Brooklyn in barrels, in the form of dust. The powder is lusterless and of a dingy color. It is finer and softer than any flour, and can be taken up in the hand just as water can, but is hardly retained more easily than water is. If one attempts to take a pinch of it between the forefinger and thumb it is as evasive as quicksilver, and the only sensation left is that the flesh is smoother than before.

The first process in manufacturing is to sep-

arate the graphite dust further, according to fineness. It is mixed with sufficient water to run very freely, and is then turned into a hopper, from which the water runs slowly through a series of tubs. The coarsest and heaviest particles settle to the bottom of the first tub, the next coarsest and heaviest in the next, and so on, the movement of the water being made very gentle. On reaching the last tub, the powder, being twice as heavy as water and sinking in it if undisturbed, has so far settled that the water discharged at the top is nearly clear. After the flow is stopped and the powder allowed to settle, the clear water is withdrawn by removing successively, beginning with the upper one, a number of plugs inserted in holes in the side of each tub. care being used not to agitate the contents so as to disturb the deposited dust. This being done properly, the deposit is removed through the gates at the bottom of each tub. The separation is thus performed, by this ingenious process of "floating," more perfectly than it could by any direct handling, dry treatment being wholly impracticable. For the finest pencils the deposit from the last tub only is used, but for ordinary and cheap grades that from the two before the last will READY FOR THE CLAY.

The graphite is now ready for the clay. This is a peculiar pipe clay, from Germany. After being subjected to the floating process the finest is mixed with the graphite, in proportions varying according to the degree of hardness required. The more clay used the harder the pencil. For medium grades the proportion is about seven parts clay to ten graphite, by weight. The graphite and clay are mixed together with water, to the consistency of thick cream, and the mixture is fed to the grinding mills, which consist of two flat stones, about two feet in diameter, placed horizontally, only the upper one running. Between these the mass is ground like paint, for the finest pencils as many as twenty-four times, thus securing the most perfect strength, uniformity and freeness from grit in the leads. After grinding the mass is inclosed in stout canvas bags, and the clear water forced out by hydraulic pressure until it becomes a thick dough.

It then goes to the forming press. This is simply a small vertical iron cylinder, having a solid plunger or piston driven by a screw. A plate is inserted in the bottom, having an opening of the shape and size of the lead desired, and the graphite is slowly forced through the hole, exactly as water is forced from a syringe, coiling itself round and round like a coil of wire on a board set beneath the press. The coil is taken up at intervals, "rove" off straight by the hands into lengths sufficient for three leads, which are straightened out, laid in order on a board and pressed flat by putting a cover over them. They are finally hardened by placing them in a crucible and baking in a kiln. The handling must be done expeditiously, as the leads begin drying immediately, and become brittle as they dry; but on first issuing from the press they are so plastic that knots may be tied loosely in them. THE WOODEN CASE.

The leads are now ready for their wooden case. For the cheapest pencil pine is used; for the common grades an ordinary quality of red cedar. At the saw mills the cedar is cut into blocks, about seven inches long, and these are sawed into strips about three and a half inches wide and three-sixteenths of an inch thick. The pencil consists of two parts glued together, with the lead between. Each strip is wide enough to make the halves of six pencils. The pencils are made six at a time, and imperfect strips are put together so as to make a full strip out of the parts. When these boards (which are now ready for shaping) reach the factory, they are first passed into a continuous line, under a cutter which cuts six little grooves, round or square, for the leads, and smooths the faces by the same stroke. The lead in the foreign pencil lies wholly in one-half of the wood, the other slip being put on as a cover, as nearly everybody has found occasion to know by the covers coming off and leaving an unpleasantly flat surface; but the American method has the groove equally in each strip. Accord-

ingly the two strips are glued alike. Filling the leads is done by girls, sitting at brass-covered tables. The first takes a grooved slip with her left hand and a bunch of leads in her right. Spreading these out in her fingers like the sticks of a fan, she dexterously lays them in the grooves and passes the filled slip to the girl at the left, who puts over it another slip which has just received a coating of hot glue from a brush wielded by a third. Any two slips fit together, and the united pairs are laid in a row and pressed together in an iron frame by a screw, and the row of slips is left to dry. The rough ends of the slips and the projecting parts are next ground smooth against a wheel covered with sandpaper, and are then ready for the process of separating and shaping, which is done by machinery .- "B. V. H." in Brooklyn Eagle.

Cosmopolitan Character of Bombay. The cosmopolitan character of Bombay is indicated by a missionary letter: "Last week a Greenlander called, seeking work. Two days after a man from Australia wrote me asking a favor. A few weeks ago a West Indian came to attend to repairs on my house. Last Sunday night I preached to a congregation in which sat, side by side, a Russian from the Baltic, and an Armenian from the foot of Mount Ararat. Among my parishioners is an Abyssinian, Turks from the Dardanelles, Greeks from the Adriatic, Seedee boys from Zanzibar. Norwegians and South Africans live. To business and die in this human hive." -Foreign Letter.

Invention of the Mint Julep. The mint julep is an old colonial Virginian drink. It was invented in Virginia by a wealthy planter, who had a company of friends at his house. A great hailstorm came up; he gathered the hailstones, and, on the inspiration of the moment, concocted that delicious beverage which we call mint julep. Its fame spread, but at first they never made it except when it hailed.-Chicago Herald.

The first mention of free trade in print was a notice of its operations in Hungary in 1708 When Jay Gould Goes Abroad.

Mr. Jay Gould's neighbors up at Irvington say there is a good deal of pomp and magnificent circumstance in the coming and going of the stock market magnate on his yacht Atalanta. When his little launch puts him aboard of the big yacht in the morning ready for his trip to the city, he puts his foot on her deck to the tune of a cannon's volley and an unfurling of flags, and at night when she comes to her anchorage off his summer mansion there is more cannonading and a lively, not to say regal, dipping of colors. Ah, a great thing it is to be rich."—"Halston" in New York Times.

BOCIAL LIFE OF DANIEL WEBSTER At the Old "Marsh Market"-Invitations

to Dinner- Toddy and Cards. Daniel Webster passed many happy years of his life at Washington City, and it was his declared intention when he last left there, never, alas, to return, to pass his summers at Franklin, N. H., and Marshfield, and to make Washington his winter home. He was anxious, he said. "to round up the integrity of his life so that his countrymen could see what his purposes were," but he had fully decided to retire absolutely from public life, never to make another political speech, and to devote himself to the practice of law in the supreme court. It would have been well for his fame had he arrived at this determination ten years sooner, before the presidential maggot had begun gnaw his brain, and had forced him t seek southern support at the sacrifice of

his northern convictions. I have in a previous reminiscence de scribed Mr. Webster in debate, wearing the "blue and buff" of the revolutionar Whigs, with a stalwart frame, a digni fied manner, a harmonious elegance o style, and a full, sonorous voice, while hi open and commanding countenance, ful of intellect and passion, mirrored all the glow his eloquence could express.

FILLING THE MARKET BASKET. The next morning after one of those wonderful speeches in the senate chamber, Mr. Webster might have been seen in the old "Marsh Market" at an early hour. for he was no sluggard. With him would be a servant carrying a huge mar ket basket, and he would go from stall to stall, often stopping to talk to a butcher. or a fishmonger or a huckster, and delighting them with the knowledge he displayed about meats, fish and vegetables Selecting with care a supply of provisions for two days, as the market was held only on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, Mr. Webster would return to his house. next to the Unitarian church, and see that the meat was properly hung up and the vegetables put away.

On his way to the capitol, or there, h would meet a friend and say (if his table were not already full): "Come and dine with me to-day. I have a noble haunc of venison which I bought a fortnigh since, and have kept hanging until it is exactly fit to be eaten," or "I have re ceived a fine salmon from the Kennebec come to-day and help me eat it." A gues knew exactly what to expect, and those carefully selected dinners, cooked by an old colored woman named Monica; were better than a "menu" served at Welcker's or at Wormley's.

Fishing was Mr. Webster's favorite recreation, and he was a frequent visitor of the fishing grounds at the falls of the Potomac, above Georgetown. Izaak Walton has never had a more enthusiastic discipline on this continent than the "Expounder of the Constitution.

A MOST SUCCESSFUL CHOWDER Every spring he would join the Saturday parties of congressmen and officials who used to go down the Potomac on the old steamer "Salem" to the fishing grounds, and enjoy freshly-caught shad, opened, nailed on oaken boards, and cooked before large wood fires. On one of these occasions Mr. Webster had obtained from Boston some rock cod, crackers and salt pork, and he made a chowder He had a large kettle, and having fried his scraps, he deposited the successive lay ers of fish, crackers and potatoes and onions over and over until there was no more room. Then pouring in a half gal lon of milk he rubbed his hands, exclaim ing: "Now for the fire. As Mrs. Mac beth said: 'If 'tis to be done, when 'ti done, then 'tis well 'twere done quickly. I quote from memory, but I shall never forget his joyous expression of counten ance and the merry twinkle of his deep set, black eyes. The chowder was a suc cess and so was a medicinial preparatio of Santa Cruz rum, brandy, a dash of ar rack, loaf sugar, lemons and strong ice tea. No one who ever drank "Marshfiel Punch" forgot its seductive excellence but some one found to their sorrow that

it had a fearful kick. Mr. Webster grew up at a time when almost every man took his daily glass o toddy, when decanters of brandy were or the tables of first-class hotels, and when wines and liquors were genuine, no manufactured from poisonous ingredi ents. Towards the close of his life, when stricken by domestic sorrow and deserted by some whose fortunes he had helped t make, he may at times have sought t drown care. But he was not habituall intemperate, and what he did drink was taken without disguise or hypocritica concealment.

He never gambled, although at tha time gambling was another open and fashionable vice in Washington. Oc casionally he would play a game of whis with friends, but he played very badly and he enjoyed a bout at "seven-up." Bu he never bet a cent on the result of game, and he was entirely unacquainte with checkers, back-gammon, chess, bill iards or tenpins.-Ben: Perley Poore in Boston Budget.

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